

THE  
APPRENTICE.

A  
FARCE.

IN  
TWO ACTS.

[Price One Shilling.]

APPRENTICE

F A R C E



T W O A C T S

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APPRENTICE.

A  
F A R C E.  
IN  
T W O A C T S.

As it is performed at the  
THEATRE-ROYAL,  
IN  
DRURY-LANE.  
BY MR. MURPHY.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for P. VAILLANT. 1764.

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APPRENTICE.

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F A R C E.

TWO ACTS.

THEATRE  
ROYAL



OF THE

BY MR. MURPHY.

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LONDON.

Printed by J. VALENTINE.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HERE was Room to apprehend, before the Representation of the following Farce, that the Subject might appear extravagant and merely ideal; but the real Existence of it is displayed in such a lively and picturesque Manner by the Author of the Prologue, and was at once so universally felt by the Audience, that all Necessity of saying any Thing farther on this Head is now entirely superseded. What at present remains to be feared, is, that the APPRENTICE will not make so lively a Figure in the Closet, as on the Stage, where the Parts in general were allowed to be well performed; where *Simon* was represented with a Perfection of Folly; where the Skill of Mr. *Yates* exhibited the Impotence of a Mind, whose Ideas extend very little beyond the Multiplication Table, and whose Passions are ever in a crazy Conflict, unless when they all subside into a sordid Love of Gain; and where Mr. *Woodward's* admirable comic Genius gave such a Spirit to the Whole, that there is Reason to think, whenever he relinquishes the Part, the *Apprentice* may gain elope from his Friends, without any one's desiring him to return to his Business.

The Author has, however, endeavoured to render all its Defects as excuseable as he could; and he wishes no stronger Criticism could be brought against him, than the two following Observations, which he thinks very singular, and somewhat entertaining. “*I can't, says one, give my Opinion of the Piece, till I have Time to consider the Depth of it.*”—“*Po! says another, this is not all his own, I remember some of it in other Plays.*”—In order to assist the former in his deep Researches, and to enable the latter to make good his Charge of Plagiarism, References are made to the several Plays, from which the distempered Hero of the Piece makes up his

vi      A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

his motley, but characteristick Dialect. The intelligent Reader, if he thinks it worth his while to turn over these Leaves, will be pleased to remember, that a Parody does not always carry with it a Burlesque on the Lines alluded to. For (as it is judiciously remarked in a Note to Mr. Pope's Dunciad) “ It is a common, but foolish, Mistake, that a  
 “ ludicrous Parody of a grave and celebrated Passage,  
 “ is a Ridicule of that Passage. A Ridicule indeed  
 “ there is in every Parody; but where the Image is  
 “ transferred from one Object to another, there the Ri-  
 “ dicule falls not on the Thing imitated, but imitating.”  
 Thus, for Instance, when

*Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's Breast †,*

It is without Doubt an Object ridiculous enough; but then, I think, it falls neither on old King Edward, nor his Armour, but on his Armour-Bearer only.

But this is prefacing a Farce, as if it were a Thing of Moment; I shall therefore dismiss it to the Press, without adding any Thing farther, except my grateful Acknowledgments for the very favourable Reception with which the Public has honoured the trifling Scenes of

Tavistock-Row,  
 5th Jan. 1756.

*Their most obliged,  
 and most obedient Servant.*

A R T H U R M U R P H Y.

† Line of Pope's in a ludicrous Account of the Coronation in Henry the VIIIth.

P R O-

# PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

**P**ROLOGUES precede the Piece—in mournful Verse;

*As Undertakers—walk before the Hearse;  
Whose doleful March may strike the harden'd Mind,  
And wake its Feelings—for the Dead—behind.  
To Night no smuggled Scenes from France we show,  
'Tis English—English, Sirs!—from Top to Toe.  
Tho' coarse the Colours, and the Hand unskill'd,  
From real Life our little Cloth is fill'd.*

*The Hero is a Youth,—by Fate design'd  
For culling Simples,—but whose Stage-struck Mind,  
Nor Fate could rule, nor his Indentures bind.  
A Place there is where such young Quixotes meet;  
'Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB,—a glorious  
Treat!*

*Where 'prentic'd Kings—alarm the gaping Street!  
There Brutus starts and stares by midnight Taper;  
Who all the DAY enacts—a Woollen Draper.  
There Hamlet's Ghost stalks forth with doubl'd Fist,  
Cries out with hollow Voice,—“Lift, Lift, O Lift!”  
And frightens Denmark's Prince—a young Tobacconist.  
The Spirit too, clear'd from his deadly White,  
Rises—a Haberdasher to the Sight!*

*Not young Attorneys—have this Rage withstood,  
But change their Pens for TRUNCHEONS, Ink for  
BLOOD;*

*And (Strange Reverse!)—die for their Country's Good.*

*To check these Heroes, and their Laurels crop,  
To bring 'em back to Reason,—and their SHOP,  
Our Author wrote;—O you Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!  
Who hold the Ballance, or who gild the Pill;—*

*Who*

*Who wile the Yard, and sumpering pay your Court,  
And at each Flourish, snip an Inch too short!  
Quit not your Shops; there Thrift and Profit call,  
Whilst here young Gentlemen are apt to fall!*

[Bell rings.]

*But soft!—the Prompter calls!—brief let me be—  
Her Groans you'll hear, and flying Apples see,  
Be damn'd, perhaps;—farewell!—Remember me.*

### Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Wingate</i> , a passionate old Man, particularly fond of Money and Figures, and involun- tarily uneasy about his Son,	} <i>Mr. YATES.</i>
<i>Dick</i> , his Son, bound to an Apothecary, and fond of going on the Stage,	
<i>Gargle</i> , an Apothecary,	<i>Mr. BURTON.</i>
<i>Charlotte</i> , Daughter to Gargle,	<i>Miss MINORS.</i>
<i>Simon</i> , Servant to Gargle,	<i>Mr. H. VAUGHAN.</i>
<i>Scotchman</i> ,	<i>Mr. BLAKES.</i>
<i>Irishman</i> ,	<i>Mr. JEFFERSON.</i>
<i>Catchpole</i> , a Bailiff,	<i>Mr. VAUGHAN.</i>

*Spouting-Club, Watchmen, &c.*

T H E






THE  
APPRENTICE.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter WINGATE and SIMON.*

WINGATE.

AY nay, but I tell you I am convinced—I know it is so,—and so, Friend, don't you think to trifle with me;—I know you're in the Plot, you Scoundrel, and if you don't discover all, I'll—

*Simon.* Dear Heart, Sir, you won't give a Body Time.

*Wingate.* Zookers! a whole Month missing, and no Account of him far or near,—Wounds! 'tis unaccountable.—Look ye, Friend,—don't you pretend—

B

*Simon.*

*Simon.* Lord, Sir,—you're so main passionate, you won't let a Body speak.

*Wingate.* Speak out then,—and don't stand muttering—What a lubberly Fellow you are! ha! ha!—Why don't you speak out, you Blockhead?

*Simon.* Lord, Sir, to be sure the Gentleman is a fine young Gentleman, and a sweet young Gentleman—but, lack-a-day, Sir,—how should I know any thing of him?

*Wingate.* Sirrah, I say he could not be Prentice to your Master so long, and you live so long in one House with him, without knowing his Haunts and all his Ways—and then, Varlet, what brings you here to my House so often?

*Simon.* My Master *Gargle* and I, Sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the Town since Morning to enquire for un;—and so in my way, I thought I might as well call here—

*Wingate.* A Villain, to give his Father all this Trouble—And so you have not heard any Thing of him, Friend?

*Simon.* Not a Word, Sir, as I hope for Marcy; tho', as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what's come on un. As sure as any thing, Master, the Gypsies have gotten hold on un, and we shall have un come home as thin as a Rake,—like the young Girl in the City,—with living upon nothing but Crusts and Water for six-and-twenty Days.—

*Win.*

*Wingate.* The Gypsies have got hold of him, ye Blockhead!—Get out of the Room—  
—Here, you *Simon*—

*Simon.* Sir,——

*Wingate.* Where are you going in such a Hurry?——Let me see; what must be done?——A ridiculous Numskull, with his damned *Cassanders* and *Cloppatra's* and Trumpery; with his *Romances*, and his *Odyssey Popes*, and a Parcel of Rascals not worth a Groat;——wearing Stone Buckles, and cocking his Hat;——I never wear Stone Buckles,——never cock my Hat—but, Zookers, I'll not put myself in a Passion—*Simon*, do you step back to your Master, my Friend *Gargle*, and tell him I want to speak with him—though I don't know what I should send for him for——a fly, flow, hesitating Blockhead!——he'll only plague me with his Physical Cant and his Nonsense——Why don't you go, you Booby, when I bid you?——

*Simon.* Yes, Sir——

[*Exit.*

*Wingate.* This Fellow will be the Death of me at last——I can't sleep in my Bed sometimes for him.——An absurd insignificant Rascal,——to stand in his own Light!——Death and Fury, that we can't get Children, without having a Love for 'em!——I have been turmoiling for the Fellow all the Days of my Life, and now the Scoundrel's run away——Suppose I advertise the Dog, and promise a Reward to any one that can give an Account of him——well, but,——why should I throw away my Money after him?——why, as I don't say what Reward, I may give

what I please when they come——ay, but if the Villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead,——why then he tricks me out of Two Shillings——my Money's flung into the Fire——Zookers, I'll not put myself in a Passion——let him follow his Nose——'tis nothing at all to me——what care I?——What do you come back for, Friend?——

*Re-enter Simon.*

*Simon.* As I was going out, Sir, the Post came to the Door, and brought this Letter.

*Wingate.* Let me see it——The Gypsies have got hold of him! ha! ha! what a pretty Fellow you are! ha! ha! why don't you step where I bid you, Sirrah!——

*Simon.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*Wingate.* Well, well,——I'm resolved, and it shall be so——I'll advertise him To-morrow Morning, and promise, if he comes home, all shall be forgiven:——And when the Block-head comes, I may do as I please——ha! ha! I may do as I please!——Let me see:——He had on——a Silver-loop'd Hat:——I never liked those vile Silver Loops:——A Silver-loop'd Hat;——and——and——Slidikins, what signifies what he had on?——I'll read my Letter, and think no more about him.——Hey! what a Plague have we here? [*mutters to himself.*] *Bristol*——a——what's all this?——

“ *Esteemed Friend,*

“ Last was 20th *ultimo*, since none of  
“ thine, which will occasion Brevity. The

“ Rea-



“ Reason of my writing to thee at present,  
“ is to inform thee that thy Son came to our  
“ Place with a Company of Strollers, who  
“ were taken up by the Magistrate, and com-  
“ mitted as Vagabonds, to Jail.—

Zookers ! I’m glad of it—a Villain of a  
Fellow ! Let him lie there—

“ I am sorry thy Lad should follow such pro-  
“ fane Courses ; but out of the Esteem I  
“ bear unto thee, I have taken thy Boy out  
“ of Confinement, and sent him off for your  
“ City in the Waggon, which left this four  
“ Days ago. He is consigned to thy Ad-  
“ dress, being the needful from thy Friend  
“ and Servant,

“ *Ebenezer Broadbrim.*”

Wounds ! what did he take the Fellow out  
for?—a Scoundrel, Rascal !—turn’d Stage-  
Player—P’ll never see the Villain’s Face.—  
Who comes there?—

*Enter Simon.*

*Simon.* I met my Master on the Way, Sir ;  
—our Cares are over:—Here he is,  
Sir.—

*Wingate.* Let him come in—and do you  
go down Stairs, you Blockhead.—

[*Exit Simon.*

*Enter*

*Enter Gargle.*

*Wingate.* So, Friend *Gargle*,—Here's a fine Piece of Work—*Dick's* turned Vagabond!—

*Gargle.* He must be put under a proper Regimen directly, Sir—He arrived at my House within these ten Minutes, but in such a Trim;—He's now below Stairs—I judged it proper to leave him there, till I had prepared you for his Reception.—

*Wingate.* Death and Fire! what could put it into the Villain's Head to turn Buffoon?

*Gargle.* Nothing so easily accounted for:—Why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly reading over Plays, and Farces, and *Shakespeare*.—

*Wingate.* Ay, that damned *Shakespeare*!—I hear the Fellow was nothing but a Deer-stealer in *Warwickshire*:—Zookers! if they had hanged him out of the Way, he would not now be the Ruin of honest Men's Children.—But what Right had he to read *Shakespeare*!—-I never read *Shakespeare*!—-Wounds! I caught the Rascal, myself, reading that nonsensical Play of *Hamlet*, where the Prince is keeping Company with Strollers and Vagabonds: A fine Example, Mr. *Gargle*!—

*Gargle.* His Disorder is of the malignant Kind, and my Daughter has taken the Infection from him—bless my Heart!—-She was as innocent as Water-gruel, till he spoilt her:

her :—I found her, the other Night, in the very Fact.

*Wingate.* Zookers ! you don't say so !—caught her in the Fact !—

*Gargle.* Ay, in the very Fact of reading a Play-book in Bed.

*Wingate.* O, is that the Fact you mean ?—Is that all ?—tho' that's bad enough.—

*Gargle.* But I have done for my young Madam :—I have confined her to her Room, and locked up all her Books.

*Wingate.* Look ye, Friend *Gargle*, I'll never see the Villain's Face :—Let him follow his Nose and bite the Bridle.—

*Gargle.* Lenitives, Mr. *Wingate*—Lenitives are properest at present :—His Habit requires gentle Alteratives :—but leave him to my Management ;—about twenty Ounces of Blood, with a Cephalic Tincture,—and he may do very well.

*Wingate.* Where is the Scoundrel ?

*Gargle.* Dear Sir, moderate your Anger, and don't use such harsh Language.

*Wingate.* Harsh Language !—Why, do you think, Man, I'd call him a Scoundrel, if I had not a Regard for him ?—You don't hear me call a Stranger a Scoundrel.

*Gargle.* Dear Sir, he may still do very well ; the Boy has very good Sentiments.—

*Wingate.* Sentiment !—a Fig for Sentiment ! let him get Money, and never miss an Opportunity—I never missed an Opportunity ; got up at Five in the Morning,—struck a Light,—made my own Fire—worked my Finger's Ends—

—and this Va-

gabond

gabond of a Fellow is going his own Way—with all my Heart—what care I;—let him follow his Nose,—let him follow his Nose—a ridiculous——

*Gargle.* Ay, ridiculous indeed, Sir—Why for a long Time past, he could not converse in the Language of common Sense.—Ask him but a trivial Question, and he'd give some cramp Answer out of some of his Plays that had been running in his Head, and so there's no understanding a Word he says.—

*Wingate.* Zookers! this comes of his keeping Company with Wits, and be damned to 'em for Wits—ha!—ha!—Wits! a fine Thing indeed—ha! ha! 'Tis the most beggarly, rascally,—contemptible Thing on Earth.—

*Gargle.* And then, Sir, I have found out that he went three Times a Week to a Spouting-Club.

*Wingate.* A Spouting-Club, Friend *Gargle*!—What's a Spouting-Club?

*Gargle.* A Meeting of 'Prentices and Clerks and giddy young Men, intoxicated with Plays; and so they meet in Public-Houses to act Speeches; there they all neglect Business, despise the Advice of their Friends, and think of nothing but to become Actors.—

*Wingate.* You don't say so!—a Spouting-Club! wounds, I believe they are all mad.

*Gargle.* Ay, mad indeed, Sir:—Madness is occasioned in a very extraordinary Manner,—the Spirits flowing in particular Channels.—

*Wingate.* 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourself as any of them.—

*Gargle.*



*Gargle.* And continuing to run in the same Ducts——

*Wingate.* Ducks! Damn your Ducks!——  
Who's below there?

*Gargle.* The Texture of the Brain becomes disorder'd, and [*Wingate walks about uneasily, and Gargle follows*] thus, by the Pressure on the Nerves, the Head is disturbed, and so your Son's Malady is contracted.——

*Wingate.* Who's without there?——Don't plague me so, Man.

*Gargle.* But I shall alter the morbid State of the Juices, correct his Blood, and produce laudable Chyle.——

*Wingate.* Zookers, Friend *Gargle*, don't tease me so——Don't plague me with your physical Nonsense——Who's below there?——Tell that Fellow to come up.——

*Gargle.* Dear Sir, be a little cool——Inflammatories may be dangerous.—Do, pray, Sir, moderate your Passions.——

*Wingate.* Prithee, be quiet, Man——I'll try what I can do——Here he comes.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* Now, my good Father, what's the Matter? \*

*Wingate.* So, Friend,——you have been upon your Travels, have you?——You have had your Frolic?——Look-ye, young Man,——I'll not put myself in a Passion:——But, Death and Fire, you Scoundrel,——what

C

Right

\* Hamlet.

Right have you to plague me in this Manner?—Do you think I must fall in Love with your Face, because I am your Father?—

*Dick.* A little more than Kin, and less than Kind.——\*

*Wingate.* Ha! ha!—what a pretty Figure you cut now?—ha! ha!—why don't you speak, you Blockhead?—Have you nothing to say for yourself?—

*Dick.* Nothing to say for yourself?—What an old Prig it is!

*Wingate.* Mind me, Friend—I have found you out—I see you'll never come to Good.—Turn Stage-player!—Wounds! you'll not have an Eye in your Head in a Month——ha! ha!——you'll have 'em knocked out of the Sockets with withered Apples—remember I tell you so.—

*Dick.* A Critic too! [*whistles*] Well done, old Square-toes.—

*Wingate.* Look-ye, young Man—take Notice of what I say:—I made my own Fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds!—if I were placed at the Bottom of *Chancery-Lane*, with a Brush and Blackball,—I'd make my own Fortune again—you read *Shakespeare*!—Get *Cocker's Arithmetick*—you may buy it for a Shilling on any Stall—best Book that ever was wrote.—

*Dick.* Pretty well, that;—Ingenious, Faith!—Egad, the old Fellow has a pretty Notion of Letters.

*Wingate.*

*Wingate.* Can you tell how much is five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound?—Five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound—Ay, ay, I see you're a Blockhead :—Look-ye, young Man,—if you have a Mind to thrive in this World, study Figures and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.—

*Dick.* \*How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the Uses of this World !—

*Wingate.* Mind the Scoundrel now.—

*Gargle.* Do, Mr. *Wingate*, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently :—Come, come, young Man, lay aside this sulky Humour, and speak as becomes a Son.

*Dick.* † O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!—

*Wingate.* What does the Fellow say?

*Gargle.* He relents, Sir—Come, come, young Man, he'll forgive.—

*Dick.* ‡ They fool me to the Top of my Bent.—Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em,—a truant Disposition, good my Lord :—No, no, stay, that's not right—I have a better Speech.—“ || It is as you say—when “ we are sober, and reflect but ever so little “ on our Follies, we are ashamed and sorry ; “ and yet, the very next Minute, we rush “ again into the very same Absurdities.”—

*Wingate.* Well said, Lad, well said—mind me, Friend : Commanding our own Passions, and artfully taking Advantage of other People's, is the sure Road to Wealth :—Death and

C 2

Fire!

\* Hamlet. † Ditto. ‡ Ditto. || Suspicious Husband.

Fire!——but I won't put myself in a Passion:——'Tis my Regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a Scoundrel, 'tis for your Good.

*Dick.* Without Doubt, Sir. [*Siffling a Laugh.*]

*Wingate.* If you want any Thing, you shall be provided:——Have you any Money in your Pocket?—ha! ha! what a ridiculous Numskul you are now?—ha! ha!—Come, here's some Money for you.—[*Pulls out his Money and looks at it*]—I'll give it to you another Time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.——

*Dick.* \* Else, wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land!

*Wingate.* Zookers! you Blockhead, you'd better stick to your Business, than turn Buffoon, and get Truncheons broke upon your Arm, and be tumbling upon Carpets.——

*Dick.* † I shall in all my best obey you, Sir.——

*Wingate.* Very well, Friend,——very well said——you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful, and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go Home to your Business——and mind me, young Man,——let me see no more Play-Books, and let me never find that you wear a lac'd Waistcoat——you Scoundrel, what right have you to wear a lac'd Waistcoat?——I never wore a lac'd Waistcoat!——never wore one till

\* Richard III.

† Hamlet.



till I was Forty——But I'll not put myself  
in a Passion——go and change your Dress,  
Friend.

*Dick.* I shall, Sir——

\* I must be cruel, only to be kind,  
Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

*Cocker's* Arithmetick, Sir?

*Wingate.* Ay, *Cocker's* Arithmetick——  
study Figures, and they'll carry you through  
the World——

*Dick.* Yes, Sir, [*siffling a Laugh*] *Cocker's*  
Arithmetick! [*Exit.*]

*Wingate and Gargle.*

*Wingate.* Let him mind me, Friend *Gargle*,  
and I'll make a Man of him.

*Gargle.* Ay, Sir, you know the World.—  
the young Man will do very well——I wish  
he were out of his Time; he shall then have  
my Daughter——

*Wingate.* Yes, but I'll touch the Cash——  
he shan't finger it, during my Life.—I must  
keep a tight Hand over him——[*Goes to the*  
*Door.*]——Do ye hear, Friend!——Mind  
what I say, and go home to your Business  
immediately——Friend *Gargle*, I'll make a  
Man of him.——

*Enter*

\* Hamlet.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* † Who called on *Achmet*?—Did not *Barbarossa* require me here?

*Wingate.* What's the Matter now?—  
*Barossa!*—Wounds!—What's *Barossa*?  
—Does the Fellow call me Names?—  
What makes the Blockhead stand in such  
Confusion?

*Dick.* That *Barbarossa* should suspect my  
Truth!—

*Wingate.* The Fellow's stark staring mad  
—get out of the Room, you Villain, get  
out of the Room.

[*Dick stands in a sullen Mood.*

*Gargle.* Come, come, young Man, every  
Thing is easy, don't spoil all again—go  
and change your Dress, and come Home to  
your Business—nay, nay, be ruled by me  
[*Thrusts him off.*

*Wingate.* I'm very peremptory, Friend  
*Gargle*; if he vexes me once more, I'll have  
nothing to say to him—well, but, now I  
think of it—I have *Cocker's Arithmetick*  
below Stairs in the Counting-House—I'll  
step and get it for him, and so he shall take  
it Home with him—Friend *Gargle*, your  
Servant.

*Gargle.* Mr. *Wingate*, a good Evening to  
you—you'll send him Home to his Bu-  
siness—

*Wingate.*

† The last new Play called *Barbarossa*.

*Wingate.* He shall follow you Home directly. Five Eighths of three Sixteenths of a Pound! —multiply the Numerator by the Denominator; five times Sixteen is ten times Eight, ten times Eight is Eighty, and—a—a—carry One. [Exit.

*Enter Dick and Simon.*

*Simon.* Lord love ye, Master—I'm so glad you're come back—come, we had as good e'en gang Home to my Master *Gargle's*—

*Dick.* No, no, *Simon*, stay a Moment—this is but a scurvy Coat I have on—and I know my Father has always some Jemmy Thing lock'd up in his Clofet—I know his Ways—He takes 'em in Pawn, for he'll never part with a Shilling without Security.

*Simon.* Hush! he'll hear us—stay, I believe he's coming up Stairs.

*Dick.* [Goes to the Door and listens.] No, no,—no,—he's going down, growling and grumbling—ay,—say ye so “Scoundrel, “Rascal—Let him bite the Bridle”—“Six “times Twelve is Seventy-two”—all's safe Man, never fear him—Do you stand here—I shall dispatch this Business in a Crack.—

*Simon.* Blessings on him! what is he about now?—why the Door is locked, Master.—

*Dick.* Ay, but I can easily force the Lock—you shall see me do it as well as any Sir *John Brute* of 'em all—this right Leg here is the

best Locksmith in *England*—so, so,—[*forces the Door and goes in.*]

*Simon.* He's at his Plays again—Odds my Heart, he's a rare Hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer must not smoke that I have any Concern—I must be main cautious——Lord blefs his Heart, he's to teach me to act *Scrub*.——He begun with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jesuit before a went out of Town:——  
 “ \* *Scrub*—Coming, Sir,—Lord, Ma'am,  
 “ I've a whole Packet full of News—some  
 “ say one Thing and some say another; but,  
 “ for my Part, Ma'am,—I believe he's a  
 “ Jesuit”—that's main pleasant—“ *I believe*  
 “ *he's a Jesuit.*”

*Re-enter Dick.*

*Dick.* † I have done the Deed—Didst thou not hear a Noise?

*Simon.* No, Master; we're all snug.—

*Dick.* This Coat will do charmingly—I have bilked the old Fellow nicely——† In a dark Corner of his Cabinet, I found this Paper; what it is the Light will shew.

I promise to pay——ha!——

I promise to pay to Mr. *Moneytrap*, or Order, on Demand—'tis *his Hand*—a *Note of his*—yet more—The Sum of seven Pounds fourteen Shillings and Seven Pence, Value received, by me

*London* this 15th *June*, 1755.—'Tis wanting what should follow——*his Name* should fol-

\* *Stratagem.* † *Macbeth.* ‡ *Vide the Mourning Bride.*



follow—but 'tis torn off—because the Note is paid.—

*Simon.* O Lud! Dear Sir, you'll spoil all—I wish we were well out of the House—Our best Way, Master, is to make off directly.—

*Dick.* I will, I will; but first help me on with this Coat—*Simon*, you shall be my Dresser—you'll be fine and happy behind the Scenes.—

*Simon.* O Lud! it will be main pleasant—I have been behind the Scenes in the Country, when I liv'd with the Man that shew'd wild Beastices.—

*Dick.* Hark-ye, *Simon*,—when I am playing some deep Tragedy, and \* cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech, you must stand between the Scenes and cry bitterly. [*Teaches him.*]

*Simon.* Yes, Sir.

*Dick.* And when I'm playing Comedy, you must be ready to laugh your Guts out [*Teaches him.*] for I shall be very pleasant—Tolde-  
roll—[*Dances.*]

*Simon.* Never doubt me, Sir.—

*Dick.* Very well; now run down and open the Street-Door; I'll follow you in a Crack.

*Simon.* I am gone to serve you, Master—

*Dick.* † To serve theyself—for, look-ye, *Simon*, when I am Manager, claim thou of me the Care o'th' Wardrobe, with all those Moveables, whereof the § Property-Man now stands posselt.—

D

*Simon.*

\* Hamlet.

† Richard III.

§ The Property-Man, in the Play-House Phrase, is the Person who gives Truncheons, Daggers, &c. to the Actors, as Occasion requires.

*Simon.* O Lud! this is charming—Hush!  
I am gone. [Going.

*Dick.* Well, but hark-ye, *Simon*, come hither——\* what Money have you about you, Master *Matthew*?

*Simon.* But a Tester, Sir.

*Dick.* A Tester!——That's something of the least, Master *Matthew*,——let's see it.

*Simon.* You have had fifteen Sixpences now——

*Dick.* Never mind that——I'll pay you all at my Benefit——

*Simon.* I don't doubt that, Master——but mum. [Exit.

*Dick, solus.*

† Thus far we run before the Wind.——  
An Apothecary!——make an Apothecary of me!——‡ what, cramp my Genius over a Pestle and Mortar, or mew me up in a Shop with an Alligator stuft, and a beggarly Account of empty Boxes!——to be culling Simples, and constantly adding to the Bills of Mortality.——No! no! It will be much better to be pasted up in Capitals, *The Part of Romeo by a young Gentleman, who never appeared on any Stage before!*——My Ambition fires at the Thought——But hold,——mayn't I run some Chance of failing in

\* Every Man in his Humour. † Richard III.  
‡ *Vide* Romeo and Juliet.

in my Attempt——Hissed,——Pelted.——  
 Laughed at,——Not admitted into the Green-  
 Room——That will never do——\* Down,  
 busy Devil, down, down.—Try it again.—  
 Loved by the Women, envied by the Men,  
 applauded by the Pit, clapped by the Gallery,  
 admired by the Boxes. “Dear Colonel, is not  
 “he a charming Creature?” “My Lord,  
 “don’t you like him of all Things?”——  
 “Makes Love like an Angel!”——“What  
 “an Eye he has!——fine Legs!”——  
 “I’ll certainly go to his Benefit.”——Ce-  
 lestial Sounds!——And then I’ll get in  
 with all the Painters, and have myself put  
 up in every Print-Shop—in the Character of  
*Macbeth!* “This is a sorry Sight.” [*stands an*  
*Attitude.*] In the Character of *Richard* [*Give*  
*me another Horse, bind up my Wounds.*]——  
 this will do rarely——and then I have a  
 Chance of getting well married——O  
 glorious Thought!——† By Heaven I will  
 enjoy it, though but in Fancy——But,  
 what’s o’Clock?——it must be almost Nine.  
 I’ll away at once; this is Club-night.——  
 ‘Egad I’ll go to ‘em for a while——the  
 Spouters are all met——little they think  
 I’m in Town——they’ll be surprized to  
 see me——Off I go, and then for my Af-  
 signation with my Master *Gargle’s* Daughter  
 ——Poor *Charlotte!*——she’s lock’d up,  
 but I shall find Means to settle Matters for  
 her Escape——She’s a pretty Theatrical  
 D 2 Genius

\* Venice Preserv’d.

† Tamerlane.

Genius——If she flies to my Arms like a Hawk to its Perch, it will be so rare an Adventure, and so Dramatic an Incident;——

\* Limbs do your Office, and support me well;  
Bear me but to her, then fail me if you can.

\* The Orphan.

*END of the FIRST ACT.*



ACT





ACT II. SCENE I.

*Scene discovers the Spouting-Club, the Members seated and roaring out Bravo, while one stands at a Distance repeating——*

1st. Member. CURS'D be your Senate,  
curs'd your Constitution;  
The Curse of growing Factions and Divisions  
Still vex your Councils.\*——

2d. Memb. Don't you think his Action a  
little confined?

1st. Memb. Psha! you Blockhead, don't  
you know that I'm in Chains?——

2d. Memb. Blockhead, say ye?—Was not I  
the first that took Compassion on you, when  
you lay like a sneaking Fellow under the  
Counter, and swept your Master's Shop in  
a Morning? when you read nothing but the  
*Young Man's Pocket Companion*, or the *True  
Clerk's Vade Mecum*, did not I put *Chrononho-  
tontologos* in your Hand?

All. Bravo! Bravo!—

President. Come, Gentlemen, let us have  
no Disputes. Consider, Gentlemen, this is the  
Honourable Society of Spouters; and so, to  
put an End to all Animosities, read the seventh  
Rule of this Society.

A Mem-

\* Venice Preserv'd.

## A Member Reads,

“ *That Business, or Want of Money, shall not  
 “ be received as an Excuse for Non-Attendance;  
 “ nor the Anger of Parents or other Relations;  
 “ nor the Complaints of our Masters be ever heard;  
 “ by which Means this Society will be able to boast  
 “ its own mimic Heroes, and be a Nursery of  
 “ Young Actorlings for the Stage, in Spight of  
 “ the Mechanic Genius of our Friends.*”

*President.* That is not the Rule I mean;—  
 but come, \* we’ll fill a Measure the Table  
 round—now good Digestion wait on Appetite,  
 and Health on both.

*All.* Huzza, huzza, huzza!—

*President.* Come, Gentlemen, let us have  
 no Quarrels.

*All.* Huzza, huzza!—

*Scotchman.* Come now I’ll gee you a Touch  
 of *Macbeeth*.—

*1st. Memb.* That will be rare. Come let’s  
 have it.——

*Scotchman.* What do’st lie at Mon?—I have  
 had muckle Applause at *Edinburgh*, when I  
 enacted in the *Réégiceede*,—and I now intend  
 to do *Macbeeth*—I seed the Degger Yesterneet,  
 and I thought I should ha’ killed every one  
 that came in my Way.—

*Irishman.* Stand out of the way, Lads, and  
 you’ll see me give a Touch of *Oibello*, my Dear--  
 [*Takes the Cork and burns it, and blacks his Face.*]  
 The Devil burn the Cork—it would not do it  
 fast enough.

*1st.*

\* *Macbeth.*

1st. Memb. Here, here, I'll lend you a helping Hand. [*Blacks him.*]

[*Knocking at the Door.*]

2d. Memb. \*Open Locks, whoever knocks.—

Enter Dick.

Dick. † How now, ye Secret, Black, and Midnight Hags?—what is't ye do?

All. Ha! the Genius come to Town—Huzza! huzza!—the Genius—

Dick. How fare the honest Partners of my Heart?—*Jaek Hopeless*, give us your Hand—*Guildersten*, yours—Ha! *Rosencrofs*—Gentlemen, I rejoice to see ye—But come, the News, the News of the Town!—Has any Thing been damned?—Any new Performers this Winter?—How often has *Romeo* and *Juliet* been acted?—Come, my Bucks, inform me, I want News.—

1st. Memb. You shall know all in good Time—But prithee, my dear Boy, how was it?—You play'd at *Bristol*, let's hear.—

2d. Memb. Ay, let's have it, dear Dick.—

Dick. Look-ye there now—‡ Let's have it, dear Boy, and dear Dick.—

1st. Memb. Nay, nay, but how was you receiv'd?—

Dick. *Romeo* was my Part—I touch'd their Souls for 'em,—every pale Face from the Wells was there, and so on I went—but rot 'em,—never mind them—|| What bloody Scene has *Roscius* now to act?—

1st.

\* *Macbeth*.  
|| *Richard III.*

† Ditto.

‡ *Suspicious Husband*.

*1st. Memb.* Several Things—But, Genius, why did you come to us so late?—Why did not you come in the Beginning of the Night?

*Dick.* Why, I intended it: But who should I meet in my Way but by Friend *Catcall*, a devilish good Critic;—and so he and I went together and had our Pipes, to\*close the Orifice of the Stomach you know;—and what do you think I learn'd of him?

*1st. Memb.* I can't say.

*Dick.* Can you tell, now, whether the Emphasis should be laid upon the *Epitaph*†, or the *Substantive*?

*1st. Memb.* Why, no.—

*Dick.* Ever, while you live, lay your Emphasis upon the *Epitaph*.—

*Irishman.* Arrah, my Dear, but what is that same Epitaph now?

*Dick.* † Arrah, my dear Cousin *Mackshane*, won't you put a Remembrance upon me?—

*Irishman.* Ow! but is it mocking you are?—Look-ye, my Dear, if you'd be taking me off—Don't you call it taking off!—By my Shoul I'd be making you take yourself off—What? If you're for being obstreperous, I would not matter you three Skips of a Flea.—

*Dick.* Nay, prithee, no Offence—I hope we shall be Brother-players.

*Irishman.* Ow! then we'd be very good Friends; for you know two of a Trade can never agree, my Dear.

*Scotchman.*

\* Every Man in his Humour.

† By Mistake for *Epitaph*.

† Stratagem.



*Scotchman.* Locke is certainly reet in his Chapter about innate Ideas; for this Mon is born without any at all—and the other Mon yonder, I doot, is no greet Heed-piece.—

*Dick.* What do you intend to appear in?

*Irishman.* Othollo, my Dear; let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em—Tho' by my Shoul, myshelf does not know but I'd be frightened when every Thing is in a Hub-bub, and nothing to be heard, but "Throw him over"—"over with him"—"off, off, off the Stage"—"Music"—"Won't y' ba' some Orange-chips"—"won't y' ba' some Non-pareills?"—Ow!—but may-be the dear Craturs in the Boxes will be lucking at my Legs—Ow! to be sure—the Devil burn the Luck they'll give 'em.—

*Dick.* I shall certainly laugh in the Fellow's Face.—

*Irishman.* Ow! never mind it—let me alone, my Dear—may-be I'd see a little round Face from Dublin in the Pit, may-be I wou'd; but then, won't I be the first Gentleman of my Name that turn'd Stage-play'r?—My Cousins would rather see me starve like a Gentleman, with Honour and Reputation—Myshelf does be asham'd when I think of it.—

*Scotchman.* Stay till you hear me give a Specimen of Elocution.

*Dick.* What, with that Impediment, Sir?

*Scotchman.* Impeediment! what Impeediment? I do not leesp—do I?—I do no squeent—I am well leem'd, am I not?—

*Irishman.* By my Shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myself as any of them,

and shall make a Figure in genteel and top Comedy.——

*Scotchman.* I'll give you a Specimen of Mockbeeth.——

*Irishman.* Make haste, then, and I'll begin Orhollo.——

*Scotchman.* —Is this a Dagger that I see before me, &c.

*Irishman.* [*collaring him.*] \* Willain, be sure you prove my Love a Whore, &c.

[*Another Member comes forward with his Face powdered, and a Pipe in his Hand.*]

—I am thy Father's Spirit, Hamlet——

*Dick.* Po! Prithee! you're not fat enough for a Ghost.——

*Memb.* I intend to make my first Appearance in it for all that, only I'm puzzled about one Thing—I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a Bow to the Audience?

*Another Memb.* Now, Gentlemen, for the true way of dying—[*spreads a Blanket.*]—

now for a little Phrenzy——[*Repeats a dying Speech, and rolls himself up in the Blanket.*]—

[*Watch behind the Scenes; Past Five o'Clock, —cloudy Morning.*]

—*Dick.* Hey! past Five o'Clock—'Sdeath, I shall miss my Appointment with Charlotte—I have staid too long, and shall lose my Proselyte—Come, let us adjourn.——

*All.* Ay, let us fallly forth.——

*Irishman.* With all my Heart; tho' I should have bodder'd 'em finely if they had staid.

*Scotch-*  
• Venice Preserv'd.

*Scotchman.* I should have sheen'd in *Mock-beeth*——but never meend it——I'll go now to my Friend the Bookseller, and translate *Cornelius Tacitus*, or *Grotius de Jure Belli*,——and so, Gentlemen, your Servant.—

*All.* Huzza! Huzza!

*Dick.* \* We'll scower the Watch——Confusion to Morality——I wish the Constable were married——Huzza, Huzza——

*Irishman.* By my Shoul, myself did not care if I had a Wife, with a good Fortune, to be hindering me from going on——But no matter——I may meet with a willing Cratur somewhere——

[*Exit singing.*

*All.* Huzza, Huzza!——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, a Street.

*Enter a Watchman.*

Past Five o'Clock, cloudy Morning. Mercy on us——all mad I believe in this House——They're at this Trade three Nights in the Week, I think——Past Five o'Clock, a cloudy Morning.

*All.* Huzza! [*without.*]

*Watchman.* What in the Name of Wonder are they all at?

*Hurra, Hurra, without. Enter the Spouters.*

*Dick.* † Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!

E 2

1st. Memb.

\* Sir John Brute.

† Hamlet.

*1st. Memb.* \* By Heavens I'll tear you Joint by Joint, and strew this hungry Church-yard with your Limbs.

*Dick.* † Avant, and quit my Sight—thy Bones are marrowless—There's no Speculation in those Eyes, that thou dost glare withal.

*Watchman.* Prithee don't distrub the Peace——

*A Member.* ‡ Be sure you write him down an Ass.

*Dick.* § Be alive again, and dare me to the Desart with thy Pole,——take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves shall never tremble——

*Watchman.* Soho! Soho!

*Enter Watchmen from all Parts, some drunk, some coughing, &c.*

*2d. Watchman.* What's the Matter there?—

*1st. Watchman.* Here are the Disturbers of the Peace——I charge 'em all——

*Dick.* || Unmanner'd Slave, advance your Halbert higher than my breast, or by St. Paul, I'll strike thee down, and spurn thee, Beggar, for this Insolence——

*[They fight, Dick is knocked down. Exeunt Watchmen fighting the rest.]*

*Dick.* \*\* I have it; it will do;—'Egad, I'll make my Escape now——O I am Fortune's Fool———

*[Exit. Re-*

\* Romeo.  
Nothing.  
\*\* Romeo.

† Macbeth.  
§ Macbeth.

‡ Much ado about  
|| Richard.



Re-enter Watchmen, &c.

Watchman. Come, bring 'em along—

1st. Memb. \* Good Ruffians, hold a while—

2d. Memb. † I am unfortunate, but not ashamed of being so.

Watchman. Come, come, bring 'em along.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, another Street.

Enter Dick, with a Lanthorn and a Ladder.

All's quiet here ; the Coast's clear ;—now for my Adventure with *Charlotte*—this Ladder will do rarely for the Business—tho' it would be better, if it were a Ladder of Ropes—but hold ; have not I seen something like this on the Stage ?—yes I have, in some of the Entertainments—Ay, ‡ I remember an Apothecary, and hereabout he dwells—this is my Master *Gargle's* ;—being dark the Beggar's Shop is shut—what, ho ! Apothecary !—but soft,—what Light breaks thro' yonder Window—It is the East, and *Juliet* is the Sun ; arise fair Sun, &c.

*Charlotte*. Who's there ? my *Romeo* ?

*Dick*. The same, my Love, if it not thee displease.—

*Charlotte*. Hush ! not so loud, you'll waken my Father.—

*Dick*. § Alas ! there's more peril in thy Eye.

*Char-*

\* Revenge. † Oroonoko. ‡ Romeo. § Romeo.

*Charlotte.* Nay, but prithee now—I tell you you'll spoil all—what made you stay so long?

*Dick.* \* Chide not, my Fair, but let the God of Love laugh in thy Eyes, and revel in thy Heart.—

*Charlotte.* As I am a living Soul, you'll ruin every Thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you.— [Going.

*Dick.* No, no, not so fast—*Charlotte*—let us act the Garden Scene first.—

*Charlotte.* A Fiddlestick for the Garden Scene.—

*Dick.* Nay, then I'll act *Ranger*—up I go, Neck or nothing.

*Charlotte.* Dear Heart, you're enough to frighten a Body out of one's Wits—Don't come up—I tell you there's no Occasion for the Ladder—I have settled every Thing with *Simon*, and he's to let me thro' the Shop, when he opens it.

*Dick.* Well, but I tell you I would not give a Farthing for it without the Ladder, and so, up I go.

*Enter Simon at the Door.*

*Simon.* Sir, Sir, Madam, Madam.—

*Dick.* Prithee be quiet, *Simon*—I am ascending the high Top-gallant of my Joy—

*Simon.* An't please you, Master, my young Mistress may come thro' the Shop—I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow.—

*Char-*

\* Fair Penitent.

*Charlotte.* That will do purely—and so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me—— [*Exit from above.*]

*Dick.* No, no, but that won't take—you shan't hinder me from going thro' my Part [*goes up*] \* a Woman, by all that's lucky—neither old nor crooked——in I go—— [*goes in*] and for Fear of the Pursuit of the Family, I'll make sure of the Ladder.

*Simon.* Hift! hift! Master——leave that there, to save me from being suspected——

*Dick.* With all my Heart, *Simon*—— [*Exit from above.*]

*Simon alone.* Lord love him, how comical he is!——it will be fine for me, when we're playing the Fool together, to call him Brother *Martin*. “† Brother *Martin*.”

*Enter Charlotte.*

*Charlotte.* O Lud! I'm frightened out of my Wits, where is he?——

*Simon.* He's a coming, Ma'am——[*calls to him*] “† Brother *Martin*.”

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* ‡ Cuckold him, Ma'am, by all Means——I'm your Man.

*Charlotte.* Well now, I protest and vow, I wonder how you can serve a Body so——feel with what a Pit-a-pat Action my Heart beats——

*Dick.*

\* Suspicious Husband.

† Stratagem.

‡ Suspicious Husband.

*Dick.* \* 'Tis an Alarm to Love——quick  
let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* Arms, &c.  
*Watchman behind the Scenes.* Past Six o'Clock,  
and a cloudy Morning——

*Charlotte.* Dear Heart, don't let us stand  
fooling here——as I live and breathe we shall  
both be taken——do, for Heaven's Sake, let  
us make our Escape.

*Watch.* Past Six o'Clock, a cloudy Morn-  
ing——

*Charlotte.* It comes nearer and nearer; let  
us make off——

*Dick.* Give us your Hand then——my  
pretty little Adventurer I attend you.

† Yes, my dear *Charlotte*, we will go together;  
Together to the Theatre we'll go,  
There to their ravish'd Eyes our Skill  
we'll show,

And point new Beauties--to the Pit below. }

*Simon.* Heavens bless the Couple of 'em;  
but mum.

[*Exit, and shuts the Doors after him.*]

*Enter Bailiff and his Follower.*

*Bailiff.* That's he yonder, as sure as you're  
alive—Ay, it is—and he has been about some  
Mischief here.

*Follower.* No, no, that an't he—that one  
wears a laced Coat—tho' I can't say—as sure  
as a Gun, it is he——

*Bailiff.* Ay, I smoked him at once——Do  
you run that Way and stop at the Bottom of  
Ca-

\* Old Batchelor.

† *Vide* Distress'd Mother.



*Catherine-Street* ; I'll go up *Drury-Lane*, and between us both, it will be odds if we miss him. [Exeunt.

Enter Watchman.

*Watch.* Past Six a Clock, and a cloudy Morning.—Hey-day ! what's here, a Ladder, at Master *Gargle's* Window ?—I must alarm the Family—Ho ! Master *Gargle*—  
[Knocks at the Door.

*Gargle, above.* What's the Matter ?—How comes this Window to be open ?—ha !—a Ladder !—Who's below there ?

*1st. Watch.* I hope you an't robbed, Master *Gargle* ?—As I was going my Rounds, I found your Window open.

*Gargle.* I fear this is some of that young Dog's Tricks—Take away the Ladder ; I must enquire into all this.— [Exit.

Enter Simon, like Scrub.

*Simon.* \* Thieves ! Murder ! Thieves ! Popery !—

*Watch.* What's the Matter with the Fellow ?

*Simon.* Spare all I have, and take my Life—

*Watchman.* Any Mischief in the House ?

*Simon.* They broke in with Fire and Sword—they'll be here this Minute—Five and Forty—*This will do charmingly*—  
“ my young Master taught me this.” [Aside.

F

1st.

\* Vide Stratagem.

*1st. Watchman.* What, are there Thieves in the House?

*Simon.* With Sword and Pistol, Sir,——  
Five and Forty.

*Watch.* Nay, then 'tis Time for me to go,  
——for, mayhap, I may come to ha' the  
worst on't—— [*Exit Watchman.*]

*Enter Gargle.*

*Gargle.* Dear Heart! dear Heart——she's  
gone, she's gone——my Daughter! my  
Daughter!——what's the Fellow in such a  
Fright for?

*Simon.* Down on your Knees——down on  
your Marrowbones——(this will make him  
think, I know nothing of the Matter——  
Bless his Heart for teaching me)——Down on  
your Marrowbones.——

*Gargle.* Get up, you Fool, get up——  
Dear Heart, I'm all in a Fermentation.

*Enter Wingate reading a News-Paper.*

“Wanted, on good Security, Five hundred  
“Pounds, for which lawful Interest will be  
“given, and a good Præmium allowed:  
“Whoever this may suit, Enquire for S. T.  
“at the *Crown and Rolls* in *Chancery-Lane*.”——  
This may be worth looking after.—I'll have a  
good Præmium.—If the Fellow's a Fool, I'll  
fix my Eye on him.—Other People's Follies  
are an Estate to the Man that knows how to  
make himself useful.—So, Friend *Gargle*,——  
you're up early, I see——nothing like rising  
early

early—nothing to be got by lying in Bed, like a lubberly Fellow—What's the Matter with you?—ha! ha! you look like a—ha! ha!—

*Gargle.* O—no Wonder—My Daughter, my Daughter!

*Wingate.* Your Daughter!—what signifies a foolish Girl?

*Gargle.* Oh dear Heart! dear Heart!—out of the Window.

*Wingate.* Fallen out of the Window!—well, she was a Woman, and 'tis no Matter—if she's dead, she's provided for.—Here, I found the Book—could not meet with it last Night—Here it is—there's more Sense in it, than in all their *Macbeths* and their Trumpery [*reads*] *Cocker's Arithmetick*—Look ye here now, Friend *Gargle*,—suppose you have the Sixteenth Part of a Ship, and I buy one-Fifth of you, what Share of the Ship do I buy?—

*Gargle.* Oh dear, Sir, 'tis a melancholy Case—

*Wingate.* A melancholy Case indeed to be so ignorant—why should not a Man know every Thing? One Fifth of one Sixteenth, what Part have I of the Whole? Let me see—I'll do it a short Way.—

*Gargle.* Lost beyond Redemption.—

*Wingate.* Zookers, be quiet Man, you put me out—Seven times Seven is Forty-nine, and Six times Twelve is Seventy-two,—and—and—and—a—Here, Friend *Gargle*, take the Book, and give it that Scoundrel of a Fellow.—

*Gargle.* Lord, Sir,—He's returned to his Tricks.——

*Wingate.* Returned to his Tricks!—What, —broke loose again?——

*Gargle.* Ay, and carried off my Daughter with him.——

*Wingate.* Carried off your Daughter—— How did the Rascal contrive that?

*Gargle.* Oh, dear Sir,——the Watch alarmed us a while ago, and I found a Ladder at the Window——so I suppose my young Madam made her Escape that Way.——

*Wingate.* Wounds! what Business had the Fellow with your Daughter?

*Gargle.* I wish I had never taken him into my House—He may debauch the poor Girl——

*Wingate.* And suppose he does——she's a Woman, an't she?—Ha! ha! Friend *Gargle*, Ha! ha!——

*Gargle.* Dear Sir, how can you talk thus to a Man distracted?

*Wingate.* I'll never see the Fellow's Face.

*Simon.* Secrets! Secrets! \*

*Wingate.* What, are you in the Secret, Friend?——

*Simon.* To be sure, there be Secrets in all Families——but, for my Part, I'll not speak a Word *pro* or *con*, till there's a Peace.

*Wingate.* You won't speak, Sirrah!—I'll make you speak——Do you know nothing of this Numskull?

*Simon.* Who I, Sir?——He came home last Night from your House, and went out again directly.——

*Wingate.*

\* *Vide* Stratagem.



*Wingate.* You saw him then—

*Simon.* Yes, Sir—saw him to be sure, Sir—he made me open the Shop Door for him—he stopp'd on the Threshold and pointed at one of the Clouds, and asked me if it was not like an Ouzel\*?—

*Wingate.* Like an Ouzel—Wounds! what's an Ouzel?—

*Gargle.* And the young Dog came back in the Dead of Night to steal away my Daughter.

*Wingate.* I'll tell you what, Friend *Gargle*—I'll think no more of the Fellow—let him bite the Bridle—I'll go mind my Business, and not miss an Opportunity.

*Gargle.* Good now, Mr. *Wingate*, don't leave me in this Affliction,—consider, when the animal Spirits are properly employed, the whole System's exhilarated, a proper Circulation in the smaller Ducts or Capillary Vessels—

*Wingate.* Look-ye there now—the Fellow's at his Ducks again, ha! ha!

*Gargle.* But when the Spirits are under Influence—

*Wingate.* Ha! ha! what a fine fellow you are now?—you're as mad with your physical Nonsense, as my Son with his *Shakespeare* and *Ben Thompson*—

*Gargle.* Dear Sir, let us go in quest of him—he shall be well phlebotomized; and for the future I'll keep his Solids and Fluids in proper Balance—

*Wingate.* Don't tell me of your Solids—I tell you he'll never be solid—and so I'll go  
and

\* Hamlet.

and mind my Business——let me see where is this Chap——[reads] ay, ay, at the *Crown and Rolls*——good Morning, Friend *Gargle*——don't plague yourself about the Numskull——study Fractions Man; Vulgar Fractions will carry you through the World, Arithmetical Proportion is when the Antecedent and Consequent,—a— [going.]

*Enter a Porter.*

*Wingate.* Who are you, pray?—what do you want?—

*Porter.* Is one Mr. *Gargle* here?

*Gargle.* Yes——who wants him?—

*Porter.* Here's a Letter for you?—

*Gargle.* Let me see it. O dear Heart!—[reads] *To Mr. Gargle at the Pestle and Mortar*——'Slidikins, this is a Letter from that unfortunate young Fellow——

*Wingate.* Let me see it, *Gargle*—

*Gargle.* A Moment's Patience, good Mr. *Wingate*, and this may unravel all—[reads]—Poor young Man!——his Brain is certainly turned——I can't make Head or Tale of it——

*Wingate.* Ha! ha!—you're a pretty Fellow—give it me, Man—I'll make it out for you—'tis his Hand sure enough [reads]

*To Mr. Gargle, &c.*

“Most Potent, Grave\* and Reverend Doctor,  
“my very noble and approv'd good Master, that  
“I have ta'en away your Daughter it is most  
“true, true I will marry her;—†'tis true 'tis  
“Pity,

\* Othello.

† Hamlet.

"Pity, and Pity 'tis, 'tis true."—What in the Name of Common Sense is all this? " \* I have done your Shop some Service, and you know it; no more of that—† yet I could wish, that at this Time, I had not been this Thing—What can the Fellow mean?—" For Time ‡ may have yet one fated Hour to come, which, wing'd with Liberty, may overtake Occasion past"—overtake Occasion past!—Time and Tide waits for no Man—" § I expect Redress from thy noble Sorrows—thine and my poor Country's ever." R. Wingate.

Mad as a March Hare! I have done with him—let him stay till the Shoe pinches, a crack-brained Numskull!

Porter. An't please ye, Sir, I fancys the Gentleman is a little beside himself—he took hold un me here by the Collar, and called me Villain \*\*, and bid me prove his Wife a Whore—Lord help him, I never see'd the Gentleman's Spouse in my born Days before.

Gargle. Is she with him now?

Porter. I believe so—There's a likely young Woman with him, all in Tears.—

Gargle. My Daughter to be sure—

Wingate. Let the Fellow go and be hang'd—Wounds! I would not go the Length of my Arm to save the Villain from the Gallows. Where was he, Friend, when he gave you this Letter?—

Porter. I fancy, Master, the Gentleman's under

\* Othello.  
§ Venice Preserv'd.

† Mourning Bride.  
\*\* Othello.

‡ Ditto.

under Troubles———I brought it from a Spunging-House.

*Wingate.* From a Spunging-House!

*Porter.* Yes, Sir, in *Grays-Inn-Lane*.

*Wingate.* Let him lie there, let him lie there——I am glad of it——

*Gargle.* Do, my dear Sir, let us step to him——

*Wingate.* No, not I, let him stay there——this it is to have a Genius——ha! ha!——a Genius!——ha! ha!——a Genius is a fine Thing indeed!——ha! ha! [*Exit.*

*Gargle.* Poor Man! he has certainly a Fever on his Spirits—do you step in with me, honest Man, till I slip on my Coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate Boy.

*Porter.* Yes, Sir,—'tis in *Grays-Inn-Lane*.

[*Exeunt.*

*Scene a Spunging-House, Dick and Bailiff at a Table, and Charlotte sitting in a disconsolate Manner by him.*

*Bailiff.* Here's my Service to you, young Gentleman——Don't be uneasy——the Debt is not much——why do you look so sad?——

*Dick.* Because \* Captivity has robb'd me of a just and dear Diverson.

*Bailiff.* Never look fulky at me—I never use any Body ill—Come, it has been many a good Man's Lot——here's my Service to you—but we've no Liquor—come we'll have t'other Bowl——

*Dick.*

\* Mourning Bride.



Dick. \* I've now not Fifty Ducats in the World—yet still I am in Love, and pleas'd with Ruin.—

Bailiff. What do you say?—you've Fifty Shillings, I hope.—

Dick. † Now, thank Heaven! I'm not worth a Groat.—

Bailiff. Then there's no Credit here, I can tell you that—you must get Bail, or go to Newgate—who do you think is to pay House-rent for you?—You see your Friends won't come near you—they've all answered in the old Cant—"I've promised my Wife never to be Bail for any Body;" or, "I've sworn not to do it"—or, "I'd lend you the Money if I had it, but desire to be excused from bailing any Man."—The Porter you just now sent, will bring the same Answer, I warrant.—Such Poverty-struck Devils as you shan't stay in my House—you shall go to Quod, I can tell you that—

[Knocking at the Door.

Bailiff. Coming, coming, I am coming—I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before Night—not worth a Groat!—you're a fine Fellow to stay in a Man's House—You shall go to Quod. [Exit.

Dick. Come, clear up, Charlotte, never mind this—come, now—let us act the Prison-Scene in the Mourning Bride—

Charlotte. How can you think of acting Speeches, when we're in such Distress?—

Dick. Nay, but my dear Angel—

G

Enter

\* Venice Preserv'd.

† Ditto.

*Enter Wingate and Gargle.*

*Gargle.* Hush ! Do, dear Sir, let us listen to him—I dare say he repents——

*Wingate.* Wounds !——what Cloaths are those the Fellow has on ?——Zookers, the Scoundrel has robbed me.——

*Dick.* Come, now we'll practise an Attitude—How many of 'em have you ?——

*Charlotte.* Let me see—one—two—three—and then in the fourth Act, and then——O *Gemini*, I have ten at least——

*Dick.* That will do swimmingly——I've a round Dozen *myself*—Come now begin——you fancy me dead, and I think the same of you—now mind—— [*They stand in Attitudes.*

*Wingate.* Only mind the Villain.——

*Dick.* O thou soft fleeting Form of *Linda-mira* !——

*Charlotte.* \* Illusive Shade of my beloved Lord !

*Dick.* † She lives, she speaks, and we shall still be happy.——

*Wingate.* You lie, you Villain, you shan't be happy.—— [*Knocks him down.*

*Dick.* [*on the Ground.*] ‡ Perdition catch your Arm, the Chance is thine.——

*Gargle.* So, my young Madam—I have found you again.——

*Dick.* § *Capulet* forbear; *Paris* let loose your Hold—She is my Wife——our Hearts are twined together.——

*Wingate.*

\* *Romeo and Juliet.*

|| *Romeo.*

† *Ditto.*

‡ *Richard III.*

*Wingate.* Sirrah! Villain! I'll break every Bone in your Body— [Strikes,

*Dick.* \* Parents have flinty Hearts, no Tears can move 'em: Children must be wretched—

*Wingate.* Get off the Ground, you Villain; get off the Ground.—

*Dick.* 'Tis a Pity there are no Scene-drawers to lift me.—

*Wingate.* A Scoundrel, to rob your Father; you Rascal, I've a Mind to break your Head.

*Dick.* † What, like this? [Takes off his Wig, and shews two Patches on his Head.]

*Wingate.* 'Tis mighty well, young Man—Zookers! I made my own Fortune; and I'll take a Boy out of the *Blue-coat-Hospital*, and give him all I have.—Look-ye here, Friend *Gargle*.—You know I'm not a hard-hearted Man—The Scoundrel, you know, has robbed me; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him,—I'll only transport the Fellow—And so, Mr. *Catchpole*,—you may take him to *Newgate*.—

*Gargle.* Well, but, dear Sir, you know I always intended to marry my Daughter into your Family; and if you let the young Man be ruined, my Money must all go into another Chanel.—

*Wingate.* How's that!—into another Chanel!—Must not lose the handling of his Money—Why, I told you, Friend *Gargle*, I'm not a hard-hearted Man.—

*Gargle.* Why no, Sir—but your Passions—However, if you will but make the young Gentleman serve out the last Year of his Apprenticeship, you know I shall be giving over, and I may put him into all my Practice.—

G 2

*Wingate.*

\* *Romeo and Juliet.*

† *Barbarossa.*

*Wingate.* Ha! ha!—Why—if the Block-head would but get as many crabbed physical Words from *Hypocrites* and *Allen*, as he has from his nonsensical Trumpery,—ha! ha;—I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good Physician.—

*Dick.* \* And must I leave thee, *Juliet*?—

*Charlotte.* Nay, but, prithee now have done with your Speeches—You see we are brought to the last Distress, and so you had better make it up— [Aside to *Dick*.]

*Dick.* Why, for your Sake, my Dear, I could almost find in my Heart—

*Wingate.* You'll settle your Money on your Daughter?—

*Gargle.* You know it was always my Intention.—

*Wingate.* I must not let the Cash slip thro' my Hands [Aside]: Look-ye here, young Man—I am the best-natured Man in the World—How came this Debt, Friend?

*Bailiff.* The Gentleman gave his Note at *Bristol*, I understands, where he boarded—'tis but Twenty Pounds.—

*Wingate.* Twenty Pounds! Well, why don't you send to your Friend *Shakespeare* now to bail you—ha! ha! I should like to see *Shakespeare* give Bail—ha! ha!—Mr. *Catchpole*, will you take Bail of *Ben Thompson*, and *Shakespeare* and *Odyssey Popes*?—

*Bailiff.* No such People have been here, Sir—are they House-keepers?—

*Dick.* † You do not come to mock my Miseries?—

*Gargle.* Hush! young Man, you'll spoil all—Let me speak to you—How is your Digestion?

*Dick.*

\* *Romeo and Juliet.*

† *Mourning Bride.*



*Dick.* \* Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll none of it——

*Charlotte.* Nay, but dear *Dick*, for my Sake--

*Wingate.* What says he, *Gargle*?——

*Gargle.* He repents, Sir——he'll reform.——

*Wingate.* That's right, Lad—now you're right——and if you will but serve out your Time, my Friend *Gargle* here will make a Man of you——Wounds! you'll have his Daughter and all his Money—And if I hear no more of your Trumpery, and you mind your Business, and stick to my little *Charlotte*, and make me a Grandfather in my old Days.—Egad, you shall have all mine too——that is, when I'm dead.——

*Dick.* *Charlotte*,—that will do rarely, and we may go to the Play as often as we please——

*Charlotte.* O *Gemini*, it will be the purest Thing in the World, and we'll see *Romeo* and *Juliet* every Time it is acted.——

*Dick.* Ay, and that will be a hundred Times in a Season at least——Besides, it will be like a Play, if I reform at the End——† Sir, free me so far in your most generous Thoughts, that I have shot my Arrow o'er the House, and hurt my Brother——

*Wingate.* What do you say, Friend?——

*Charlotte.* Nay, but prithee now do it in plain *English*——

*Dick.* Well, well, I will——He knows nothing of Metaphors——Sir, you shall find for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the Satisfaction in our Power.——

*Wingate.* Very well, that's right——you may do very well——Friend *Gargle*, I'm over-joy'd——

*Gargle.*

\* *Macheth.*

† *Hamlet.*

*Gargle.* Chearfulness, Sir, is the principal Ingredient in the Composition of Health.—

*Wingate.* Wounds! Man, let's hear no more of your Physick—Here, young Man, put this Book in your Pocket, and let me see how soon you'll be Master of Vulgar Fractions.—Mr. *Catchpole*, step home with me, and I'll pay you the Money—you seem to be a notable Sort of a Fellow, Mr. *Catchpole*,—could you nab a Man for me?

*Catchpole.* Fast enough, Sir, when I've the Writ—

*Wingate.* Very well, come along—I lent a young Gentleman a Hundred Pounds,—a cool Hundred he call'd it—ha! ha!—it did not stay to cool with him—I had a good Præmium; but I sha'n't wait a Moment for that—Come along, young Man;—What Right have you to Twenty Pounds?—give you Twenty Pounds?—I never was obliged to my Family for Twenty Pounds—but I'll say no more—if you have a Mind to thrive in this World, make yourself useful, is the *Golden Rule*.

*Dick.* My dear *Charlotte*, as you are to be my Reward, I will be a new Man—

*Charlotte.* Well, now I shall see how much you love me—

*Dick.* It shall be my Study to deserve you—and since we don't go on the Stage, 'tis some Comfort that the World's a Stage, and all the Men and Women merely Players.

4 AP 54  
Some play the upper, some the under Parts,  
And most assume what's foreign to their Hearts;  
Thus, Life is but a Tragic-comic Jest,  
And all is Farce and Mummery at best.

EPI.

# E P I L O G U E,

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

Enters reading the Play Bill.

*A* Very pretty Bill,—as I'm alive!  
The Part of—*Nobody*—by Mrs. Clive!  
A paltry, scribbling Fool—to leave me out—  
He'll say, perhaps—he thought I could not Spout.  
Malice and Envy to the last Degree!  
And why?—I wrote a Farce as well as He.  
And fairly ventur'd it, without the Aid  
Of Prologue dress'd in Black, and Face in Masquerade;  
O Pit—have Pity—see how I'm dismay'd!  
Poor Soul!—this canting Stuff will never do,  
Unless, like Bayes, he brings his Hangman too.  
But granting that from these same Obsequies,  
Some Pickings to our Bard in Black arise;  
Should your Applause to Joy convert his Fear,  
As Pallas turns to Feast—Lardella's Bier;  
Yet 'twould have been a better Scheme by half  
To have thrown his Weeds aside, and learnt with me to  
laugh.

I could have shewn him, had he been inclin'd,  
A spouting Junco of the Female Kind.  
There dwells a Milliner in yonder Row,  
Well-dress'd, full voic'd, and nobly built for Shew,  
Who, when in Rage, she scolds at Sue and Sarah,  
Damn'd, Damn'd Dissembler!—thinks she's more than  
ZARA.

She has a Daughter too that deals in Lace,  
And sings—O ponder well—and Chevy Chase,  
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's Place.

And

## E P I L O G U E.

*And in her cock'd up Hat, and Gown of Camblet,  
 Presumes on something—touching the Lord Hamlet.  
 A Cousin too she has, with squinting Eyes,  
 With wadling Gait, and Voice like London Cries;  
 Who, for the Stage too short by half a Story,  
 Acts Lady Townly—thus—in all her Glory.  
 And, while she's traversing the scanty Room,  
 Cries—" Lord, my Lord, what can I do at home!"  
 In short, there's Girls enough for all the Fellows,  
 The Ranting, Whining, Starting, and the Jealous,  
 The Hotspurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos. }  
 Oh! hie! do those silly People know,  
 What dreadful Trials—Actors undergo.  
 Myself—who most in Harmony delight,  
 Am scolding here from Morning until Night.  
 Then take Advice from me, ye giddy Things,  
 Ye Royal Milliners, ye apron'd Kings;  
 Young Men beware, and shun our slipp'ry Ways,  
 Study Arithmetic, and burn your Plays;  
 And you, ye Girls, let not our Tinsel Train  
 Enchant your Eyes, and turn your madd'ning Brain;  
 Be timely wise, for oh! be sure of this!—  
 A Shop with Virtue is the Height of Bliss.*

4 AP 54

## F I N I S.

4



